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SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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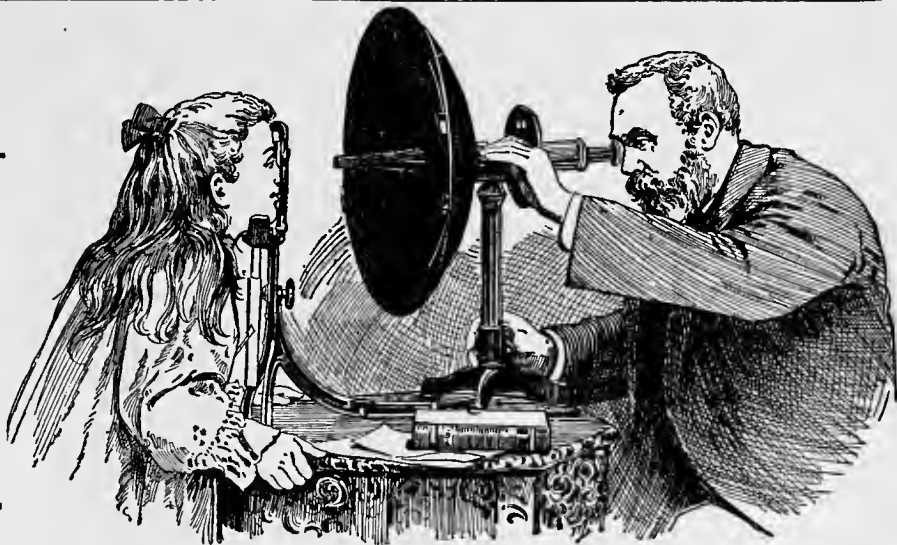
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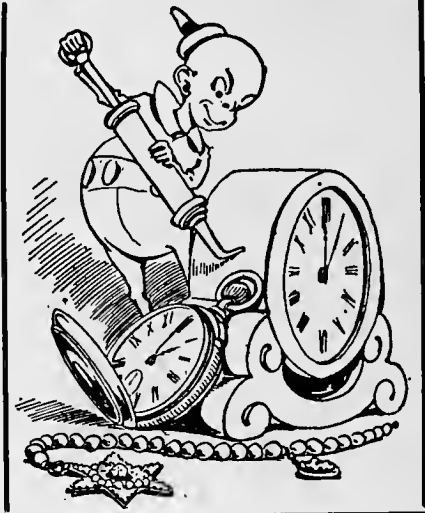
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VOL. XXXVII.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1902.

No. 19.

MY MISSION IN GERMANY.

PART II.—AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

THE Lord still answers the prayers of His servants where they go in His name and with divine authority to preach the Gospel. Many a missionary could bear testimony to this, and were all the remarkable direct answers to prayer published, they would be as marvellous as those we read of in Holy Writ. The Bible says God is no respecter of persons, and if that is the case, why should He not answer prayers now as well as anciently? He says, "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you," but "let him ask in faith nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think he shall receive anything from the Lord." What stronger language could be used to show why the Lord does not answer prayer today as He did anciently. He says in another place: "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear." But in the very next verse He tells us His reasons why He does not hear. "Your iniquities," He declares, "have separated between

you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you that he will not hear."

In place, therefore, of doubting if the Lord answers prayer now as He did anciently, would it not be a wiser thing to ask ourselves the question whether our hearts are right before God, so that there may not be anything that separates us from Him? If we are right and we have firm, unshaken faith in Him, there is no doubt but that He will answer our prayers.

It was with such feelings as these, that I went forth one day while laboring in Stuttgart to carry the good word of the Lord to a minister of the Gospel whose name had been given me as an honest man, and one who would be willing to listen to a humble servant of the Lord. I was going along one of the leading streets when the rain poured down in torrents upon me. I took shelter under an awning, and watched the people passing by, protecting themselves against the storm with umbrellas. The feeling came upon me that my business was just as important as theirs and that I needed an umbrella as much as

they did. But I had no money and therefore could not buy one. The next feeling came, why not ask the Lord? He is perfectly willing and able to give you one if you ask Him. Prompted by this feeling I offered up the following simple prayer; the words are as fresh in my mind as though I had uttered them but yesterday: "Father, I need an umbrella. I have no money to buy one with. There are many men who have two and who could spare me one. Will you not move on the heart of one of them to give me one, so that I can fill my appointment without getting wet."

These words were uttered standing not kneeling, and I have learned from this simple prayer that the Lord is just as ready to answer our prayers while standing and upon the street corner as in the secret closet and upon our knees. The rain ceased and I continued on my journey never thinking of my prayer again. I arrived rather late, but was made welcome, and after a good supper was invited into the private library where, after a general conversation, I commenced to explain the principles of the Gospel to my host. We spent the whole evening in reasoning from the Scriptures, and when I concluded my argument with him he replied: "Mr. Moench, all you have told me is true. I believe you have the true Gospel; but the world is too far sunken in iniquity to receive it. You may find an honest soul here and there, but as a rule the world will reject you and persecute you for it. I am ready to receive it, but what will you do with me in case I should be baptized and become a member of your Church? I cannot work, I never did any in my life, and unless you can give me some assurance of an easy living I cannot become a member of your church." I informed him that I could not make him any promise of sup-

port, but that if he became a member of our church he would have to trust in God for a living, and that the Lord, who noticed the sparrows fall and who heard the raven's cry, would surely not forsake him if he would but exercise faith and trust in Him. I could see that my words had made a deep impression upon his mind and that they had set him to thinking. We retired feeling that the Lord had been with us.

In the morning, after breakfast, he informed me that there was a friend of his, also a minister of the Gospel, an honest man, who he knew would be pleased to hear me, and that he would pay my way if I would call and visit him. He placed two dollars in my hand and bade me God speed upon my journey. As I stepped through the gate he called to me: "Mr. Moench, haven't you an umbrella?" I told him, "No." "Well I have two; I bought a new one only the other day, and you shall have it." At that he hastened back into the house and in a few moments returned with a brand new umbrella. I could hardly believe my senses when he presented it to me, and told me I was welcome to it. Words cannot now express my feelings, my looks, nor my actions. There was the answer to my prayer, and what seemed most marvelous was, that the morning was a most pleasant one, not a cloud in the heavens to portend rain, but a lovely sunshiny morning. I thanked him from my heart for his kindness to me, and told him that he had given me food to eat, a bed to sleep in, money for my journey, and an umbrella to protect me against storm, and was there anything in return that I could do for him? He replied with emotion, "Yes, you can pray for me." I informed him that if that would satisfy him, we would go into his library, and I would offer up a prayer for him. We do not

here, in Zion, appreciate the prayers of the Elders of Israel, because they are so common, and we hear so many good, honest prayers so often. But not so with the world, when they hear us pray; and never shall I forget the expression upon the minister's countenance when we rose to our feet at the close of the amen. For a few moments he stood staring at me as though a supernatural being had offered prayer for him; and the prayer was only as I thought a common one. When he finally could speak he thanked me again and again for the

words I had uttered, and cordially invited me to call again when I passed through, and to make his place my home for a rest. The minister he sent me to was no one less than the famous Dr. Blumenthal, author and lecturer, and who is to Germany what Henry Ward Beecher and James Dewitt Talmage were to America. And as the visit to him was a most interesting one to me I shall take pleasure in giving a description of it in my next.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

L. F. Moench.



OUR MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THEN AND NOW IN NEW ZEALAND.



ACCOMPANYING this article are two pictures, one will give an idea of the style of houses used

for purposes of worship in the early days of the preaching of the Gospel in New Zealand and the other, to a certain



AN EARLY NEW ZEALAND MEETING HOUSE.

extent, represents some of those now in use.

The ancient building, as seen in the picture, is a real native house, made of raupo, or rushes lashed with straws of dried flax to a stick frame. These were, and even now in places are, used both for dwelling and religious purposes. Especially is it so among those who depend upon the gum fields for a living, and consequently are continually moving from place to place. Where such is the case the Sunday Schools labor under great disadvantages, yet much interest is taken, and wherever there is a branch of the Church sufficiently large a Sunday School is organized.

The frame building shown in the other picture is our church at Kiri Kiri, Hauraki. The photograph was taken at a district conference held early in the present year. Here is the most completely organized Sunday School we have in this

district. It has three departments. The highest is taught by one of the native brethren who is well up in English. It is following, as near as possible, the plan laid down in the Sunday School Treatise. The Book of Mormon is studied by the senior department, and the smaller children are taught from the catechism cards. All seem to be much interested in the work of the Sunday School. Yet the progress that might be made is somewhat retarded by the scarcity of books translated into the Maori language. It is both surprising and interesting to note the accuracy with which even the younger children of the primary department, when called upon, are able to recite the Articles of Faith, and answer the questions asked them by the teacher concerning the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the organization and early history of the Church.

Andrew Oldroyd.



MEETING HOUSE AT KIRI KIRI.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

DURING the month of August, 1892, while laboring as a missionary in middle Tennessee, Elder H. F. Stout being my companion, we started about four o'clock one afternoon from Boma, Putnam Co., for the home of Joseph McKee (known to the Elders as Uncle Joe) who lived on the bank of the Caney Fork River in Dekalb County. The distance along the road is about fifteen miles, the first portion through a rolling country sparsely settled. In the last three or four miles a narrow foot path runs along under a bluff, which is covered with trees, and the traveler is about twenty feet above the highwater line of the Caney Fork River which flows below; a difficult path to follow even in daylight. We got nearly to the bluff when a thunder storm overtook us, the rain poured down in torrents. We raised our umbrellas and stood under a large tree until it moderated sufficiently for us to proceed, but by this time it was nearly dark. I had never been over the road before, and Brother Stout only once, so when daylight left us we were practically lost. My companion knew where Uncle Joe lived and when we arrived at a point where the trail came down close to the river bank and where the worst part of the road began, we found a boat tied, which we could have taken and rowed ourselves to our destination without much inconvenience and in a very short space of time. This seemed a splendid opportunity, but being strangers and no one being around to grant us permission to use the boat, we thought it best to undertake the trail through the darkness, and we started in. It was not long before the blackness was intense; we could not see each other nor the path at all, and we often had to get down and feel our way with

our hands. This made progress very slow. We lost our balance frequently and got an occasional tumble over boulders or fallen timber, but in each case recovered our footing without injury. Part of the time we kept against the side of the hill which was a solid wall at our right, and kept feeling along the same using our hands against it as a guide to keep us from getting too close to the precipice at our left. During this trying experience Brother Stout became quite sick and we had to sit down and rest before he could proceed. Finally, after hours of anxiously groping in this manner, we came to a pole fence which marked the beginning of the McKee farm and we soon arrived at the house. This was about one o'clock in the morning. In response to our knocking and statement of our business there, we were invited in and made welcome and were soon in bed sleeping peacefully away the remaining hours before dawn. That bed seemed to us the best that we had been permitted to occupy for many months; and it was a good bed, and everything else was good that the Elders received at the hands of Uncle Joe McKee and his kind wife. In the morning we took an inventory of our personal effects to ascertain if in our pilgrimage of the night before we had lost anything in the numerous tumbles we had taken. In one place where Brother Stout had fallen his valise sprang open and we found that he had lost one or two articles and this necessitated a trip back along the bluff. After breakfast we started to retrace our steps, and we could easily follow our path by the imprint in the soft soil of the large nail heads with which our shoe soles were covered. While looking for the articles which we afterwards found we came

upon one place where a washout sometime before had taken away a large portion of the soil leaving a yawning chasm directly in the path. On examination we found that in the darkness I had walked to within a few inches of this place, had turned abruptly around and gone back a few feet, then up close to the hill side, thus missing the precipice entirely. If, while going forward, I had taken another step I should have been

hurled on to the rocks in the river below and would doubtless have been seriously injured, or killed outright. We felt grateful to our Heavenly Father for the preservation of our lives during that night. Many times after we had reason to acknowledge the mercy of the Lord in saving us from dangers that we knew not of until they had passed us by and we were safe from harm.

Geo. A. Smith.



FIRST LESSONS IN FAITH.

THE date of this little story, if memory serves me right, was in the month of July, 1846. Our household consisted of the widowed sister of my father, and her daughter, also another orphan niece, who were in the care of my father at the time of his death, my mother and her six children.

In the spring of 1846 we moved from the farm where my father died into another neighborhood a little nearer Richmond, Missouri. It was a small farm of fifteen or twenty acres in the midst of a dense forest, the log cabin of two rooms stood in the north end of the field, and I remember there was a hedge of wild roses, just outside the fence, very beautiful and fragrant, making more cheerful and pleasant our humble home.

In the pleasant spring and summer days we wandered through the forest, seeking wild flowers, wild berries and nuts, or waded in the little stream near by for pebbles, taking no thought for the morrow, happy and free as the birds

that sang to us from the tops of the tall forest trees.

The day had been unusually warm and oppressive, and I remember hearing my aunt say, "Surely there is a storm brewing," and as the sun went down there was the low rumbling of distant thunder, and a sighing and trembling among the leaves, that had been so silent and still all day. I was awakened from my slumber by the roaring of the wind and heavy peals of thunder, and flashes of vivid lightning that put to shame the dim light of a tallow candle which was standing on the table with a chair over it to keep the rain, which was streaming through the roof, from putting it out.

None of the older members had gone to bed, and they were now sitting in a group anxiously talking together, and trying to keep calm one of my cousins, who was always very much terrified in a storm.

I watched and listened and was getting very much frightened myself,

and was wondering if we were all going to be killed, when someone said, "Had we not better get the children up and dress them, for the house cannot stand much longer?"

Then my mother answering said, "No, let the children sleep if they can, the house will not be destroyed, the last words of my dying husband were, 'I must go, but God will take care of you and the children. He has promised and will not fail.'" Her words were spoken in a spirit and with a power that restored confidence, and soon the winds ceased, the thunder died away in the forest, and peace and repose came to the anxious watchers.

I was awakened in the morning by my brother, Samuel, calling us to come and see what the storm had done. It came from the south-west and had swept a pathway through the forest, so that the home of Major Sevier that stood by the Richmond road half a mile away, was in plain sight, and we gazed in astonishment and wonder. The great oaks, elms, and other kinds of forest trees were uprooted and laid side by side, making a bridge on which we could step from tree to tree for half a mile.

Our house was directly in the pathway of the storm, but was unharmed. While trees on the other side of the house were uprooted and torn down, our hedge of roses was untouched and looked beautiful in the sunshine, sparkling with raindrops; some may say it was only chance, but the inmates of that little cabin felt to acknowledge the overruling hand of Providence, and to give praise and thanks unto Him. Often since in looking back upon that night of terror I have thought of that "Still small voice" that said unto the winds and the waves, thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and felt that it was there

to protect the widows and the orphans and make good the promises of God to a dying man.

Another incident I will relate that happened in the same year and at the same place; although simple, it left an impression upon my mind that has always remained with me.

I do not remember ever hearing a murmur of complaint fall from the lips of my mother, but often a shadow rested upon her face, which later I learned to interpret as the shadow of care and anxiety, the shadow of the weight of responsibility that rested upon her after the death of my father, of the helpless family looking to her for bread and clothing, and among strangers in a strange land.

Christmas was drawing nigh and a little corn meal was our only supply. I listened to the conversation of the older ones, and noticed the shadow there, shadows that will come sometimes notwithstanding an abiding faith and trust in God.

In the afternoon of the day before Christmas on looking up the road we saw two negroes coming carrying a large clothes basket. They came up to the door smiling and bowing, and one of them said to my mother, "Miss Mary, Mar's Tom (Dr. Thomas Allen) sent you this for your Christmas dinner."

The basket was emptied and a message of thanks returned to the generous hearted donor. I do not now remember all it contained, but I know there was something for the little stockings next morning, and a good Christmas dinner, and several more good dinners from the contents of that same basket. From that time on the way was opened up before us, so that we did not suffer any more for the comforts of life. Friends were raised up on every hand, sewing was given us from Dr. Allen's family

and others, and we never had to eat the bread of charity. Missouri people were not all mobbers in those terrible days when the Saints were so persecuted and driven, and it gave me the greatest joy to do temple work for some of the noble, kind-hearted ones who were to us friends in need, true friends in deed.

I also feel to testify to the young people of Zion that a promise made to my

parents by the servants of God, when they were baptized in Canada, that they and their children should never want for bread has been verily fulfilled.

May the germs of an undying faith be planted deep in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Zion, and yield a bounteous harvest, is the prayer of your sister,

Sarah E. Russell.



MYTHOLOGY AND FOLK-LORE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 547.)

CREATION Myths: There is no part of the American continent so rich in antiquities and interesting traditions as Yucatan, the most southerly state of Mexico. The Maya and Quiche Indians, who occupy this region of country had a written language, and it is through mastering their alphabet that Professor August Le Plongeon has been able to read their hieroglyphics which abound in that remote country, and thus give us many of their traditions, and much of their past history hitherto unknown to the world.

From the Quiche (kee-cha) story of the creation the following is extracted: "And the heaven was formed, and all the signs thereof set in their angle and alignment, and its boundaries fixed toward the four winds by the Creator and Former, and Mother and Father of life and existence; he by whom all move and breathe, the father and cherisher of the peace of nations, and of the civilization of his people; he whose wisdom has projected the excellence of all that

is on earth, or in the lakes, or in the sea.

"Behold the first word and the first discourse. There was as yet no man, nor any animal, nor bird, nor fish, nor craw fish, nor any pit or ravine, nor green herb, nor any tree, nothing was but the firmament.

"The face of the earth had not yet appeared, only the peaceful sea and all the space of heaven. There was nothing yet joined together, nothing that clung to anything else, nothing that balanced itself, nothing that made the least rustling, that made a sound in the heaven. There was nothing that stood up, nothing but the quiet water, but the sea calm and alone; nothing existed, nothing but immobility and silence, in the darkness, in the night. Lo how the heavens exist, how exists also the Heart of Heaven, such is the name of God, it is thus that He is called, and theyspake, they consulted together, and meditated, they mingled their words and their opinion, and the creation was verily

after this wise: Earth they said, and on the instant it was formed, like a cloud or fog was its beginning, then the mountains rose over the waters like great lobsters, in an instant the mountains and the plains were visible, and the cypress and pine appeared.

"The earth and its vegetation having thus appeared it was peopled with the various forms of animal life. Again the Gods took counsel together, they determined to make man. So they made a man of clay, and when they had made him they saw that it was not good; he was without cohesion, without consistence, motionless, strengthless, inept, watery, he could not move his head, his face looked but one way, his sight was restricted, he could not look behind him, he had been endowed with language but had no intelligence, so he was consumed in the water."

The Indians in the neighborhood of the City of Mexico tell us that the Creator produced His work in successive epochs. In the sign Toch-tli the earth was created; in the sign Ac-atl the firmament was made, and in the sign Tecpatl the animals. Man, it is added, was made and animated out of ashes, or dust, by God on the seventh day.

The Papagoes tell us that the Great Spirit made the earth and all living things before He made man. And He descended from heaven, and digging in the earth found clay such as the potters use, which having ascended into heaven again, He dropped into the hole which He had dug and immediately there came up Montezuma, and through him the rest of the Indian tribes were created. Last of all came the Apaches, wild from their natal hour, running away as fast as they were created.

Those first days of the earth were happy and peaceful days, but an awful destruction ended this happy age; a

great flood destroyed all flesh wherein was the breath of life, Montezuma and his friend, the coyote, alone escaping.

The Pimas say that the earth was made by a certain Chi-ow-ot-mah-ke or earth prophet. It appeared in the beginning like a spider's web, stretching far and fragile across the nothingness that was.

Then the prophet flew over all the earth in the form of a butterfly till he found a suitable place and there he made man, and the thing was made after this wise: The Creator took clay in his hands, and mixing it with the sweat of his own body, kneaded the whole into a lump. Then he blew upon the lump until it was filled with life and began to move, and it became man and woman.

The Californians say that God came down from heaven and after bringing order out of chaos put the world on the backs of seven giants. He then created the lower animals, and last made man and woman. These were made separately out of earth.

Another California legend tells us that the earth was made by two great beings, brothers, who filled it with grass and trees, and gave form, life and motion to the different animals which are upon it. When this work was done, the elder of the two brothers went up to heaven and left the younger on the earth. In order that he might not be alone, the God who remained created children, but they were all men. At that time the moon came to the neighborhood where the Creator and his men children were, and the God eloped with her and went to heaven, but before going a female child was born. She was very fair and beautiful, like the moon, her mother, and like her, very changeable and fickle. From her all woman-kind have descended, and as the moon changes, so they all change.

Many other myths and traditions might be quoted which refer to the creation of the earth, the animals and man.

It is a noticeable fact that the more civilized tribes of Indians have traditions which correspond most closely with the Bible story of the creation. From the traditions quoted that which harmonizes most with the true account,

is that the earth was created in successive epochs, that the animals were created before man, and that man was made from the dust of the earth, that God blew upon him till he became an animate, that the creation of the earth was the result of counsel in heaven, and that there is a Mother as well as a Father God.
A. W. Iwins.



CHARACTER RUINED BY BAD BOOKS.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
Pope's Essay on Man.

BLESSED are the pure in heart," the Savior said in beginning His beautiful sermon on the mount, "for," He continued, "they shall see God," a promise worth a life of effort to realize. Having this object in view, it should be the desire and ambition of the youth of Zion to keep their hearts pure and their minds clean and unclouded. Purity can be maintained only by thinking about pure things, by keeping company with pure people, by hearing and using pure and chaste language, by reading only clean books and papers. "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" wicked thoughts, vulgar jokes, impure pictures and vicious books and papers lead to crime and destruction.

In reading as in other pleasurable pursuits, we should keep our pleasures pure by cultivating a taste for and an interest in good reading, selecting our

books as we would select our associates, for their goodness and virtues. Whatever pleasure is impure leaves a stain upon the soul, which by and by becomes a sting. To keep our pleasures pure we must keep our thoughts pure. Our feelings are fed and strengthened by our thoughts, and we must shut out every thought which might bring a wrong or impure desire.

There is little doubt in the minds of thinking people that much of the crime of the day is due to bad literature; to the books, papers and pictures which depict crime, delineate so much of its shocking details and make heroes of criminals. There is so much of this kind of literature, and so much of the space of the daily newspaper is devoted to the minute details of crime that it is little wonder so much of it exists. Crime has become so common, such an everyday occurrence that it fails to stir up people's feelings as it formerly did. The writer well remembers hearing a remark made by the late President Wilford Woodruff to the effect that in his youth the taking of life was of so rare

occurrence in this country that when it happened the whole country was shocked, and the act was as much deplored as when nowadays a national leader is laid low by an assassin.

As the reading of a single bad book has decided the criminal career of many a boy who otherwise might have become a useful and peaceable citizen, it is of the utmost importance that the youth be warned against reading any book or paper that may taint or cloud their pure minds. The books we read, the talks we hear, the scenes upon which our fancy dwells, do much to turn and tinge the current of our feelings, establish our characters and determine our destinies.

To the reading of bad books is directly due the downfall of Philip Spencer, a promising youth in the early history of our country, who was convicted of mutiny on the United States brig "Somers," and forfeited his life when he was but nineteen years old. He had every advantage that wealth and social position could give except parental guidance and restraint. Without these he grew up to do as he pleased and to read what he pleased. He had the advantage of a good early education, but his favorite readings, however, were books exploiting the deeds of pirates. These narratives of wild adventure captivated his young and untrained fancy and the thrilling details of roving violence and lawless daring held his mind with a fatal fascination. The whole life and behavior of the boy naturally took the complexion of his reading, and when his short and profitless college course came to an end he went to sea. His father, who was then the secretary of war, got for him a good position in the navy. His restless spirit, however, could not bear discipline, and evidence was soon forthcoming that showed him

guilty of plotting to seize the ship and commence a career of piracy. The vicious longings begotten in the boy from the exciting stories of the piratical books he had read had almost been realized. With his confederates he was condemned to die. When told his sentence the young man could not believe it; then he broke down and cried, "It will kill my mother! It will kill my mother!"

The too prevalent practice of newspapers publishing the harrowing details of crime does no possible good; its only effect is to foster crime and familiarize the public with it. The Book of Mormon sacred writers recognized this fact. When Alma the prophet was about to transfer the sacred records to his son Helaman, he enjoined him not to make known the signs and abominations of the secret societies which had overthrown and caused the destruction of the Jaredites, lest the knowledge of such things should revive the evils and lead to the demoralization and destruction of the Nephites.

Everything that excites the imagination, influences the passions, stimulates the curiosity and corrupts the heart by depraved suggestions can but incite to evil. Already an attempt has been made in this state to duplicate in part the monstrous crime for which a once respected citizen was recently convicted in this city. It is thought by some that this awful crime owed its origin to reading and brooding over criminal details and methods of robbery, which, when the opportunity presented itself, made the criminal.

The mischief of bad pictures in poisoning the mind, corrupting the soul and inciting and fostering crime, cannot be estimated. Bad books may poison more deeply but they do not poison so quickly as bad pictures.

In speaking of sensational pictures of

crime, and commenting upon their effects, the chaplain of Newgate prison in London, expresses the very decided opinion that pictures of crime should be forbidden by law, as they propagate crime and incite to murder. He confirms his position by the following incident in the history of the prison:

A soldier shot one of his officers and several military murders and attempts to murder, followed in rapid succession. After the commission of the first of these crimes, a soldier named Taylor was brought to prison for trial for murder while the first Aldershot murderer was there. Taylor's crime was directly traceable to bad pictures. One day, one of those newspapers which sensationally picture crime was brought into his barrack room, with the picture of the first military crime already referred to. Taylor could not read, but he looked at the picture and his imagination was fired with the crime. On the very next day, during drill, his corporal offended him and he shot him dead. "That picture," said he afterwards, "put it into my head."

This is the history of a great deal of crime. Sensational pictures and descriptions of criminal tragedies lay hold of the imagination, are brooded over and reviewed in fancy till the weak mind is

fascinated, and then only the opportunity is wanting to reproduce the crime itself and make the criminal.

President George Q. Cannon held that the eager scanning over of the daily newspaper for sensational narrations was as baneful in its effects as novel reading, and tended like the latter to corrupt and weaken the mind.

There is so much vicious literature sent broadcast through the land that we must be ever watchful to escape its influence. The excuse many offer for reading sensational stories is that no other kind of reading interests them. Such an excuse only betrays a depraved intellectual appetite, for in this as in other affairs of life the interest can be educated and directed into proper channels. By persistent and intelligent effort the reading of good books will become as interesting as the most sensational.

Many a youth, as before said, who has gone to destruction, owes his first downward step to the reading of vicious and demoralizing literature. No one can maintain his own self-respect and remain pure who is subject in any degree to the influence of impure thoughts, vulgar language, vicious company or bad books and pictures, which are the bane of good society.

Jos. Hyrum Parry.



WITH THE ELDERS.

PART II.—IN NEW YORK CITY.



WE see the main part of the metropolis covering Manhattan Island, which is of about the same area as Antelope Island in the

Great Salt Lake. Besides this the city includes the whole of Staten Island, the western end of Long Island, and considerable of the mainland across the

Harlem River on the north. Altogether it spreads over three hundred and sixty square miles, an area of just twice that of the Salt Lake Valley.

We cannot help contrasting this countless accumulation of buildings with the lonely wilderness which greeted the eyes of Henry Hudson as he sailed up the

Amsterdam, now New York City, was considered a town. In that year Peter Minuit, governor of New Netherlands bought the whole of Manhattan Island from the Indians for twenty four dollars worth of beads and other trinkets.

Thus we find the Dutch purchasing from the Indians the land the English already claimed by virtue of the discoveries made by the Cabots who sailed along this coast, under the British flag, some one hundred and twelve years before Hudson. This of course brought about a disagreement between the two nations which was not settled until 1664, when the Dutch claims fell into the possession of the British. The name of both province and city were now changed to New York in honor of the British king's brother, the Duke of York.

We well remember reading in our school histories how the city prospered until the Revolutionary War, when it was second



THE BEGINNING OF NEW YORK CITY.

grand river, now bearing his name, on board the *Half Moon* in 1609. And we picture to ourselves the few rude, trading huts on the south end of Manhattan Island, built in 1614 by the Dutch traders who opened up such a profitable fur trade with the Indians. This new country they called the New Netherlands. It was not however till 1626 that New

only to Philadelphia in size among the cities of North America. But the greatest strides in growth were not made until after the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825. This at once connected New York City with the interior and placed her as the greatest commercial center of the United States. At present this great city contains about

three and a half millions of people, making it the largest on the western hemisphere, and, with the exception of London, the largest on the earth. And as young Americans we entertain the hope that some day our country will claim the distinction of having the world's metropolis.

The calm bay we see to the south, named after the city, the East River on the east and the Hudson River on the west, together afford harbor space enough for the accommodation of many hundreds of vessels. We are told that along the sides of Manhattan Island alone there is room for a line of ships more than twenty-five miles in length, and that there is more foreign commerce carried on through this port than through all the other ports of the United States taken together.

Nor must we overlook the New York railroad advantages, for they play a very important part in making the city what it is. The lowest pass through the Appalachian Mountains from the Atlantic seaboard to the central lowlands is afforded by the Hudson and Mohawk valleys. It is through this low, "natural gateway" that the Erie Canal was made, and through it have been constructed some of our busiest railroads. On these lines, owing to there being no very steep grades to climb, goods can be carried from New York, up the Hudson, and over the pass to the Central Lowlands, cheaper than on any other railroad running from the coast across the Appalachians. Hence most foreign goods for the central part of the United States are shipped to New York in preference to the other Atlantic ports. For the same reason goods from the interior for foreign countries are sent to New York to be loaded into the big boats and carried across the ocean. Indeed there is now some talk of abandoning the historic

Erie Canal, the railroading through this route is growing to such proportions.

As an outgrowth of its commercial advantages, New York also ranks first among the manufacturing cities of the country. It furnishes nearly every kind of article needed by man, but by far the greatest product is clothing. An abundance of coal and iron is brought from the mines of Pennsylvania for manufacturing purposes and great quantities of petroleum are conducted from the oil fields of the same state, through pipe lines, to be made into coal-oil and other petroleum products. It would take the enormous sum of \$150,000,000 to purchase all the things manufactured in New York City in one week. If this amount were in silver dollars and placed side by side on one rail of a railroad track, it would reach more than the distance from Salt Lake City to Richfield, Sevier County.

After our "bird's eye view" of the city, its history, and location, we are ready to leave the top of the Pulitzer Building and go down into the busy streets again. They are more crowded now than before. Thousands of men and women, boys and girls are making for their homes after the day's work. Nearly all seem to be heading for the street cars, railways, and ferryboats. We learn that most of them reside in the outskirts of town and some of the wealthier class have to go even as far as forty or fifty miles before reaching their homes.

The policemen are well engaged in keeping the streets open and helping people on their way. We wonder how many "officers" are required to keep order in this great place and are not much surprised on learning that the number exceeds eight thousand five hundred, this being more than the total population of babies, children, and

adults of both Provo and Nephi cities.

Dodging here and there through the crowd we see the busy newsboys with their papers. A little ragged fellow approaches us. We bargain for a ten page newspaper, hand him a five cent piece, and continue our journey.

"Mister, here is your change," shouts the barefoot boy running up to us with four coppers in his hand.

"Change!" replies one of our party, "We gave you only five cents."

"Costs one cent," added the little stranger.

"Well, boy," concludes the one of

our party, "you may keep the four cents for your honesty."

The little fellow's eyes sparkle as he expresses his "Thanks," and now he runs off crying "Evening Journal" in a much merrier tone than before.

We take the cable car back across Brooklyn Bridge and then go to the Conference House where, through the hospitality of the Elders in charge, we put up for the night. The evening is spent in singing Sunday School songs and in conversation, after which we engage in prayer and then retire for much needed rest. *Delbert W. Parratt.*



LIBERTY JAIL, MISSOURI.

IN a little Missouri town, somewhat affected by the southern love for old families and other relics of past generations, stands an old stone jail. Long since past all usefulness, this jail has been left standing because of historic association, having confined for a short time Joseph Smith and other prominent Mormon leaders.

This jail, originally a small square structure, with walls built of rough hewn gray stones, piled one upon another, is now a ruin. The roof is entirely gone, the gable end next the street is sufficiently preserved to show the form, though numerous gaps in the outline of the top have been made by the fall of stones. The side walls rise scarcely higher than the pile of stones which have fallen, and now barely serve to keep erect the

standing walls. The wall, away from the street has entirely fallen and even the stones are lost to sight in the growth of bushes, weeds and vines, which have invaded the interior of the ruin. Pieces of decaying beams and rafters protruding from the weeds and piles of stones tell of the fallen roof.

All trace of the door of the structure has disappeared, but in the remaining end there is an opening, probably the only window, where pieces of the iron bars are still attached to the side, and a dilapidated wooden shutter hangs by one hinge.

The old jail decayed and fallen is a thing of the past, as is the spirit of religious persecution whose purpose it once served.

Selected.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, OCTOBER 1, 1902.

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George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent
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RAFFLING.

AN oft repeated question has again come before us. It amounts to this: Is raffling considered by the present authorities of the Church a harmless and legitimate means of disposing of articles at our fairs or other entertainments for the purpose of raising funds for charitable or Sunday School purposes?

We will first answer in the words of the late General Superintendent George Q. Cannon, who, when asked a similar question, wrote in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR as follows:

"In a communication which we have received, we are asked if raffling and games of chance, when the purposes to

be accomplished are good, are justifiable and proper.

"This method of raising funds is a practice that is quite commonly indulged in among religious societies in the world. Church fairs are held, and a great many schemes are resorted to by those who get them up for the purpose of swelling their funds. Raffling, therefore, is sanctioned among many people who would shrink from the thought of gambling. A great many conscientious people, however, look upon raffling as improper, and as likely to lead to evil, as it encourages the disposition, that is too common in the human breast, to risk a small amount with the hope that in doing so luck will bring a great reward. This is the principle involved in the lottery business. There are a great many people in the United States who buy tickets in lotteries with the hope that at some time they will be lucky and get a fine return for their investment. Their hopes and their cupidity are excited by hearing that somebody has invested a small amount and been successful in gaining a prize.

"That is a disposition that should not be encouraged among the Latter-day Saints, and especially with our children.

"For these reasons, raffling is not a good practice, and should not be encouraged among us."

We are in full accord with all that is contained in the above editorial, as also with what is written in the one that follows. It also was originally in answer to a question on the same subject, and ad-

dressed to the editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, and was later re-published in that journal with the direct approval and endorsement of President Lorenzo Snow:

"We say emphatically, No! Raffle is only a modified name of gamble. President Brigham Young once said to me,* 'Tell the sisters not to raffle; if the mothers raffle their children will gamble. Raffling is gambling.'

"Some say, 'What shall we do? We have quilts on hand—we cannot sell them and we need means to supply our treasury, which we can obtain by raffling, for the benefit of the poor.' Rather let the quilts rot on the shelves than adopt the old adage, 'The end will sanctify the means.' As Latter-day Saints we cannot afford to sacrifice moral principle to financial gain.

"Let us investigate the subject: Suppose an article, quilt or other property, is put up for raffle; twenty persons donate twenty-five cents each; all hope to draw the prize and only one wins, while nineteen, who have each contributed as much as the successful one, gain nothing but disappointment, which is almost certain to arouse feelings of jealousy to a greater or less extent.

"Why not donate twenty-five cents each to replenish the treasury, as well as to run the chances and only one succeed? And then by mutual consent donate the article or articles in question to some charitable purpose, they prevent the cause of jealousy and dissension—the same amount will go to the treasury and no unworthy example and no sacrifice of principle will stain their record."

It should be known that the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union has, by resolution, expressed its disapproval

of raffling and all games of chance for the purpose of raising funds for the benefit of the Sunday School cause, for the same reasons as those expressed in the above extracts. It should furthermore be known that in Utah it is contrary to the State law for persons to raffle with dice, and so doing renders them liable to punishment.

Joseph F. Smith.

PAUL'S ADVICE TO FATHERS.

THE Apostle Paul in a very wise admonition to the fathers of his day wrote, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." The relationship of the father to his children is one that has such a far reaching influence upon the lives of our young people that it cannot be too carefully considered, nor can it be too thoughtfully guarded by those parents who desire to maintain throughout life sympathetic and cordial friendship and love with their children. Children are very naturally hopeful, God has made them so, and they look upon the bright side of life. Their faces are turned toward the rising sun, and the earth seems so full of promise to their hopeful and unembittered natures that we may very naturally ask ourselves, how far are we justified in destroying the cheerful and hopeful disposition of our children by the habit of fault finding and criticisms which some parents indulge in entirely too much?

In the first place children have to be trained; they must advance step by step in their understanding, and it is becoming in a father to exercise such patience as will encourage the children to do better wherever and whenever possible. Then again, parents are not always cross because of the shortcomings of their children, but their scolding habits

*Sister Eliza K. Snow.

are too frequently the result of their own faults and disappointments. They must give voice to their feelings, and not daring to reprimand their neighbors or friends in their unhappy mood, they vent their displeasure upon their own families. The habit of nagging at children is one of the most pernicious practices in which a parent can indulge.

It is no wonder that children brought up in homes where parents scold and fret, lose hope and become discouraged. Discouragement is more dangerous in a child than in a grown person.

In manhood and womanhood certain moral lessons and duties have become more or less firmly fixed in the mind, and men and women whatever their discouragement may be will not so easily violate the moral obligations which their training and the demands of society impose upon them. They therefore can better resist discouragement and overcome it, and they overcome it with greater ease and certainty than children, who have not yet been so trained and strengthened in their moral lives and natures, that they can resist a spirit of recklessness. In children, therefore, discouragement leads more frequently to indifference, recklessness and the disregard of duty than in manhood or womanhood. A discouragement that may easily be overcome by the father, may prove a very serious matter to his child. Peevish, disagreeable, fault finding habits very often destroy all the pleasure and encouragements which the home should give. In the home there are naturally discouragements as well as encouragements, there is fear as well as hope, misgivings and darkness as well as courage and sunshine, but love and hope, and faith and courage should always remain in the ascendancy, and especially in the minds of the children.

Then, again, many parents are too much given to the discussions of their discouragements and disappointments in the presence of the children. It is very unwise to burden the life of a child with the troubles of the father and mother, when it is not at all necessary that the child be made acquainted with these troubles. The conversation at the table and around the fire side should tend rather to hope and promise than to fear and misgivings. Courage is full of promise to childhood and it gives strength to childish nature. It begets strong convictions of what is right and what is wrong. Discouragement begets indifference, destroys the convictions of right and wrong and makes children very indifferent and often even uncertain as to what their duties are. Sometimes the father is afraid that the boy will ask him for a dollar, and the father thereupon begins to plead poverty to his son, makes him feel that the family is near starvation, that he hardly knows where the next meal is coming from, and he therefore creates a despondency in the mind of his son, and the son feels in the presence of such a gloomy and forbidding picture of life, not only that he should abstain from the asking for the dollar, but that there is really little to live for in the world. A father may by such strategy keep a dollar in his purse, but the chances are that he is taking a one hundred dollars' worth of courage out of the life of a promising boy. A truthful representation and a rational excuse will always serve a better purpose.

Children as a rule have much more sagacity and comprehension of affairs than they are given credit for, and whenever they are provoked to anger the provocation is all the more harmful, when they feel that it is untrue and unjust. Such provocations weaken the

confidence of children in their parents and the ties that fasten the duties of children to the authority of parents are broken, and children are then left to drift in the world with an indifferent and reckless spirit, which not only retards their progress but often ruins their moral and spiritual natures. Fathers and mothers, see to it that good cheer, love and confidence predominate in your homes, and that your children be not discouraged by reason of your unhappy and fault-finding natures, which you should conceal, if you cannot overcome.

Children will find their hardships as their parents have found theirs. The trials of manhood come to all, and there is no reason why youth should be burdened with the loads which God intended the fathers and mothers should

carry. If parents would stop for a moment and ask themselves whether the words they speak to their children are as a rule encouraging, it would bring about many hopeful changes. If they take a mental inventory there will be no great difficulty in drawing up a balance sheet that would show whether there was a gain in love, courage, good cheer, hope and faith, or whether there was a loss in fear, doubt, misgivings, discouragements and despair. The words of Paul were a necessity in his day, otherwise he would not have been so pronounced in his admonition. The conditions of home life that demanded counsel so wise and timely have not passed away, and we may with assurance of present needs repeat his words: "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged."



"VIEW OF THE HEBREWS."

THE above is the title of a remarkable book that has lately fallen into our hands—remarkable from the fact that it produces such strong evidences in favor of the genuineness of the Book of Mormon. It is written by a reverend gentleman named Ethan Smith, the pastor of a church in Poultney, Vermont, and its second edition, the one in our possession, was issued in April, 1825; that is before the sacred plates containing Mormon's record were placed in the Prophet Joseph's hands by the Angel Moroni for translation; this latter important event having taken place in September, 1827.

The whole of Mr. Smith's book, (285

pages) is devoted to proving that the American Indians are a remnant of the House of Israel. This he does by appealing to their manners and customs, religious observances, languages, traditions, physical appearance, etc., etc., and a wonderful strong showing he makes. But the most remarkable thing is his own conclusions regarding the ancient history of America derived from long study of the material he has gathered. He writes, and it must be remembered that this was written years before the Book of Mormon was published, or indeed translated:

Some of the people of Israel who came into this western continent maintained some degree

of civilization for a long time; but that the better part of the outcast tribes of Israel here finally became extinct, at least in North America, under the rage of their more numerous savage brethren.

He then gives an extract from the "Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society," (1820) which describes the discovery of ancient forts, temples, towns, altars, camps, etc., on this continent, and continues:

These certainly are precisely such remains as naturally might have been expected to be furnished by a better part of Israel placed in their outcast state, in a vast wilderness, with a degree of civilization which they possessed when banished from Canaan; and were situated in the midst of savage tribes from their race, who had degenerated to the hunting life, and were intent on the destruction of this better part of their brethren. Thus situated, and struggling to maintain their existence, and to maintain their religious traditions, they would naturally form the very things above enumerated, walled towns, forts, temples, altars, habitations of chieftains, videttes, and watch-towers. These cannot be ascribed to a people of any other origin, with anything like an equal degree of probability.

Those best acquainted with the contents of the Book of Mormon will most highly appreciate the wonderful similarity between Mr. Smith's deductions and conclusions and the actual facts. He, as a result of his studies, had reached the truth in great minuteness and gives us a condensed history of the rise and fall of the Nephites and Lamanites as they are now revealed to us in the inspired translation of their sacred records.

Mr. Smith, also, in more than one place, refers to a tradition among the various tribes that in former times they possessed a book of great value, which they had lost, but which would at some time be restored to them. Speaking of the Indians he says:

They tell you that Johewah [Jehovah] once

chose their nation from all the rest of mankind, to be his peculiar people. That a book which God gave was once theirs, and then things were well with them. But other people got it from them, and then they fell under the displeasure of the Great Spirit; but that they shall at some time regain it. They inform you that some of their fathers once had a spirit to foretell future events, and to work miracles.

This is exactly the story, from the Lamanite standpoint, which the Book of Mormon records. In this relation he quotes Dr. Boudinot, at one time President of the American Bible Society:

Dr. Boudinot gives it as from good authority, that the Indians have a tradition that the book which the white people have was once theirs. That while they had this book, things went well with them; they prospered accordingly; but that other people got it from them; that the Indians lost their credit; offended the Great Spirit, and suffered exceedingly from the neighboring nations; that the Great Spirit then took pity on them, and directed them to this country.

Here we have an exceedingly clear tradition of the times when the forefathers of the Indians possessed the ancient Hebrew scriptures, which were copied from the plates of brass brought, as Nephi informs us, from Jerusalem by the company of Israelites, of which he was so distinguished a member.

A book published in London, England, in 1833, by a Mr. C. Colton, on the origin of the American Indians bears testimony to this same tradition. It is therein stated:

They assert that a book was once in possession of their ancestors, and along with this recognition they have traditions that the Great Spirit used to foretell to their forefathers future events; that he controlled nature in their favor; that angels once talked with them; that all the Indian tribes descended from one man, who had twelve sons; that this man was a notable and renowned prince, having great dominions, and that the Indians, his posterity, will yet recover the same dominion and influence. They believe, by tradition, that the spirit of prophecy and miraculous interposition, once enjoyed by

their ancestors, will yet be restored to them, and that they will recover the book, all of which has been so long lost.

Mr. Smith also quotes the Rev. Dr. West, of Stockbridge, as saying:

An old Indian informed me that his fathers in this country had not long since had a book which they *had for a long time preserved*. But having lost the knowledge of reading it, they concluded that it would be of no further use to them; and they buried it with an Indian chief.

The following interesting account of the discovery of a Jewish phylactery* is abridged from Mr. Smith's work:

It appears that in 1815 a Mr. Joseph Merrick, of Pittsfield, was plowing on a portion of his property known as Indian Hill, and at a point where the plowing was deepest he found a kind of black strap, about six inches in length and one and a half inches in breadth, with a loop of some hard substance at each end. He conveyed this strap to his house and threw it into an old tool box. After a time he attempted to cut it, but found it as hard as a bone. Eventually he succeeded, and found it was formed of pieces of thick rawhide, sewed and made water tight. On being opened it was found to contain four folded leaves of old parchment of a dark yellow color, covered with writing. One of these parchment leaves was torn to pieces by some of Mr. Merriks neighbors, the other three were sent to

*A phylactery is thus defined in the dictionary: Among the Jews a strip or strips of rawhide parchment inscribed with passages of scripture (Ex. 13: 2-10, 11-17; Deut 6: 4-9; 13-22) and enclosed in a black calf-skin case, having thongs for bending it upon the forehead or around the left arm in memory of the early history of the race and of the duty to observe the law

Cambridge (Mass.) for translation. They proved to be written in Hebrew and contained the identical texts of scripture usually placed by the Jews in their phylacteries. This discovery of texts of Hebrew scripture found underground in such a place and under such conditions created considerable comment, and the suggestion was advanced that some Jew had buried them there. But investigation showed that no Jew had ever, in modern times, been in that neighborhood. Besides the workmanship and general appearance proved the antiquity. The texts on the three pieces of parchment were respectively Exodus 13: 11-16; Deut. 6: 4-9; and Deut. 11: 13-21. One only of these we will here insert, the other two were equally appropriate for the purpose:

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou riseth up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.—Deut. 6: 4-9

The conclusion is inevitable that in the distant past a people resided on this western continent who were acquainted with the Hebrew language and who observed the law of Moses, just as the Book of Mormon declares. No other people would have any use for such an instrument.

Geo. Reynolds.



THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

NELSON ALDRICH was standing on the porch when Alfred Harrison passed by, walking slowly with his crutch and cane.

"Good morning, Nelson," Alfred called out, cheerily.

"Hello, Limpy!" cried Nelson, in return. "Hurry up, or you'll get wet. It's going to rain."

Just then Nelson was startled by his father's voice, coming from the library, inside the house.

"Nelson, I want you!"

There was an unusual sternness in Mr. Aldrich's voice that Nelson had not heard for some time, and he answered the summons with some trepidation.

"Well, sir," he said, respectfully.

"Nelson," said his father, gravely, "who was that passed just now?"

"Al Harrison."

"What was the name you called him by?"

"Limpy. All the boys call him that, because, you know, he does limp." Then catching sight of the frown on his father's face, he added quickly, "Oh, he doesn't mind it at all!"

"How do you know he doesn't?"

"Well, he never said he did."

"Did he ever request you to call him Limpy?"

"No-o."

"Do you suppose," continued Mr. Aldrich, still more gravely, "that his mother and sisters call him Limpy?"

"No, I suppose not," admitted Nelson, beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"Yet they should," pursued Mr. Aldrich, "if he doesn't mind it, and rather likes it, as your remarks would infer. Yet I'll venture to say that he never hears that name at home, or from any one, in fact, but boys and thoughtless men. Did you ever hear me call him that?"

"No, I never did."

"Can you guess the reason why?"

"I presume you thought it was wrong to give him a nickname," replied Nelson, after reflecting a moment.

"Yes, that is the reason. It is wrong to call him 'Limpy,' because it is cruel."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Nelson, "I am sure I never intended to be cruel to Alfred. I think he is as nice as any boy I know."

"I have no doubt your intentions were good," said Mr. Aldrich; "but you were thoughtless. There are very few people in the world who are deliberately cruel in speech, and such people soon become known and are avoided, so that they do not inflict as much injury as they might. But there are thousands of people who are cruel because they are thoughtless in speech. Let me ask you a question. Last summer you went to the city on a two-weeks' vacation, and came back very suddenly because you lost your purse. Did you not get very angry when the boys laughed about your loss and the inglorious ending of your vacation?"

"Yes, I did," admitted Nelson, readily. "It wasn't my fault at all, and it might have happened to the sharpest boy in the world."

"Certainly it might," said Mr. Aldrich. "And you may remember that I never reproached you. Now, poor Alfred Harrison was crippled through no fault of his, and as his injury arose from being let fall by a careless nurse, when in his childhood, it might have happened to you just as easily. You must also know that he is keenly alive to the fact that he is inferior to other boys because of his affliction, and yet you taunt him with it every time you give him a nickname."

"But I did not mean to hurt his feelings,"

"I know it, and I am talking to you now to make you understand that you must think of others' feelings and how easily they are wounded. You are no worse than other boys, but I want you to be better."

"I'll never call him Limpy again," said Nelson, contritely.

"That's good—for a beginning. But you should not stop with Alfred. Run over a list of your acquaintances, and see how many nicknames you are in the

habit of bestowing that are based on thoughtless cruelty. Perhaps there are a dozen, maybe a score, but you will have no difficulty in finding them, and then I hope you will apply the proper remedy."

"Perhaps I had better stop giving nicknames to anybody," said Nelson, thoughtfully.

"That would be the better plan," assented his father. "They are always valueless, and generally cruel. They serve no good purpose, and I am sure

no boy really likes to carry through life a reminder of some unfortunate, or perhaps disgraceful, incident of his career which had much better be forgotten. There may be an excuse for calling Napoleon 'the Little Corporal,' Grant 'the Silent Man,' and Wellington 'the Iron Duke,' but such instances are few and far between. Give people, young and old, only the names they are legally entitled to, and you cannot possibly give offense or cause pain."

Selected



"IMMORTALITY."

IF we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners and usages on which human society is founded. If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude and friendship which sages have taught and good men have practiced, what are they but empty words possessing no real and binding efficacy? Why should we heed them, if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all are, or will be, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasure—if not our passions. Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminates with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to us are the sweet ties of kindred? What the tender name of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife or friend! The characters of a drama are not more illu-

sive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness.

Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought of posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilated! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying, what sanctity have they, more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insane servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men—an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty a prejudice; honor and probity such stuff as dreams are

made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented and imposed upon the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers inevitably leads. Here is the social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines.

Accept their maxims and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue

are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all the harmony of the body politic becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self!

Such would be the world which impiety would make. Such would be this world were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

Massillon.



TRAVELING WITHOUT PURSE AND SCRIP.

THE Elders find it harder to travel without purse or scrip in some nations than in others, owing to the strict laws that prevail in certain lands. I presume there is no nation in which it is as easy for an Elder to find a friend who is willing to give him a place to sleep and something to eat as in our own. But when the Savior sent His Apostles out into the world to preach the Gospel, he told them not to take purse or scrip, neither coat nor shoes, as the laborer was worthy of his hire; and this is the way the Elders are sent out into the world today.

As a rule, an Elder who is doing his duty can find a friend to minister to his wants. There are, however, some of the brethren who are too timid or too

modest to let people know their wants, people, who if they did know, would only be too pleased to help them. It is written "Faith without works is dead." Let the Elder ask the Lord to raise up a friend to give him those things that he needs, and then be sure and let the friend know his condition. I remember at one time my companion and I were both in need of new shoes, and I also needed new trousers. We had just walked somewhat over two hundred miles from our conference headquarters, and had stopped to hold meetings in the county to which we had been assigned. In conversation with some gentlemen after one of our meetings, one said, "If your Church does not pay you a salary, and you say you receive no compensa-

tion for your labors, how do you clothe yourselves?"

Now this was my chance to let these folks know that we were out of shoes and needed new ones. I did so, and the result was that those people made it up to each work a day and give us what they made.

This happened in the Southern States. One said that a certain Mr. Smith wanted some help to pick his cotton, so it was decided that the men and boys were to pick cotton and the women folks were to bring the lunch, and they would have a "dinner on the ground," as they put it.

Well, such a scheme as that was to them like going on a picnic. My companion and I heard of it and went also. It gave us such a good chance to talk to them on the principles of the Gospel as they worked. While the people do not receive large wages for a day's work in the South, we Elders got enough to each buy new shoes and myself new trousers, and still had enough left to purchase a few odds and ends that we needed. This is only one instance, many such happen to the Elders in their ministry.

On another occasion I was in need of a new hat. We were stopping with a

gentleman over night. He said to me, "Elder, you say you are not paid to preach, like our Christian ministers are; how do you get your clothes?"

I told him that we traveled without purse or scrip, as the Savior sent His servants in ancient times. "For instance," I said, "my hat is very shabby and I am badly in need of a new one; and I believe the Lord will raise up a friend to give me one, or something towards buying one." Before leaving next morning that gentleman said, "Elder, here are two dollars for a new hat, and I am pleased that you told me how you traveled, as I never would have thought of it, and I don't know that I ever gave two dollars away before that afforded me more pleasure and content. Come again and see me, and if ever you want anything, just send to me."

I could mention many more just such cases where we have received new shoes, hats, clothes, umbrellas, or anything that we were in want of. Again the Lord has promised those that administer unto the needs of His servants that He will bless them, and an Elder, traveling in the world, has no right to rob any person of a blessing by refusing to be helped.

S. S. R.



THE GREATEST BLUNDER OF MY LIFE.

IN the Crerar Library, Chicago, is a book in which five hundred men, out of work, have written of "the greatest blunder of their life." It is a collection made by Dr. Earl Pratt. Here are some of them:

1. Didn't save what I earned.
2. Did not as a boy realize the value of an education.
3. If I had taken better care of my money I would be better in health and morals.

4. Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment.

5. The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink.

6. One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn.

7. My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade.

8. The turning point in my life was

when at fifteen I ran away from home.

9. Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages,

10. When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing.

11. Self-conceit and not listening to my parents.

12. Was too fool away my time when at school.



RELIGION CLASS DEPARTMENT.

PLANS.

PRIMARY GRADE.

LESSON V.

First Step. Song: "Love at Home."

Second Step. Prayer: Same as lesson 1.

Third Step. Ward teachers. Who they are. How ordained. Why they go around.

Fourth Step. Story continued. Review last lesson. Noah and family enter the Ark. The rain. Sending forth the raven and the dove.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing. (Read note under Lesson 1.)

Sixth Step. Song: Same one. Prayer. Memorized form.

LESSON VI.

First Step. Song: "Love at Home."

Second Step. Prayer: Same form.

Third Step. Ward teachers. Review former lesson. How often they come. What they say. How we should treat them.

Fourth Step. Story continued. Review last two lessons. Goodness of Shem and Japheth. Corruption of Ham. Their children. Result of obedience and disobedience.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: "Kind and Heavenly Father." Prayer: Same form.

INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

LESSON V.

First Step. Song: "Do What is Right."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The Stake Presidency. Review. Report on greeting them. Their relation to the bishoprics.

Fourth Step. The wise men from the East. Matt. 2: 1-6. Memorize 1 and 2.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Same one. Prayer.

LESSON VI.

First Step. Song: "Do What is Right."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. Stake Presidency, continued. Monthly Priesthood meetings. How the Bishops report to the Stake Presidency. Purpose.

Fourth Step. The wise men from the East (continued). Matt. 2: 7-12. Memorize 11.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Same one. Prayer.

ADVANCED GRADE.

LESSON V.

First Step. Song: "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The First Presidency. Review. General Conferences. Presided over and instructed by First Presidency.

Fourth Step. Rejoicing and offering of sacrifice. Searching of the records. Their genealogy. 1 Nephi 5.

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Same hymn. Prayer.

LESSON VI.

First Step. Song: "We Thank Thee, O God for a Prophet."

Second Step. Prayer.

Third Step. The First Presidency (continued). General Priesthood meetings. Presided over and instructed by First Presidency.

Fourth Step. The return to Jerusalem for Ishmael and family. The events of the journey. The arrival and offering of sacrifice. I Nephi 7

Fifth Step. Testimony bearing.

Sixth Step. Song: Same one. Prayer.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

1. The same hymns have been assigned now for six lessons. If they have been taken up in the right way and with the proper spirit and energy the pupils have probably had time enough to learn them. Before they are left and supplemented by others, the pupils should have acquired the words and time, and be able to sing them with spirit and feeling. Reports on the rate of progress in this matter are solicited from teachers in immediate contact with good, active classes. Such reports would be helpful in making out the course.

2. When the children have learned the given prayer, let them volunteer to lead by turn. Develop their confidence in their ability to do this, and lead them early to depart from set forms, and to pray with thought and originality. Prayer should receive careful attention also in the other grades. The teacher by example and by short talks should lead the pupils right in this important matter.

3. It is frequently the case that "testimony bearing" in the various organizations is a "drag" because people hesitate and wait for each other. Another cause of this is the monotonous sameness of the testimonies borne. The part of the session is thus rendered tedious and burdensome that should and could be the most enjoyable. The purpose under such conditions is not realized and the results may, in extreme cases, even be harmful. But it lies in your power as teachers aided by the Spirit of God to make testimony bearing both interesting and beneficial. To do this you must "kindle the fire." This can be most easily done by

relating every-day incidents in which the Divine hand can be plainly seen. These incidents must appeal to the pupils and draw forth from them kindred experiences. These are the best, the living testimonies. They are the daily bread of spiritual life, and testimony bearing does not dwindle into a "drag" where they are given.

The good results of testimony bearing as a Religion Class exercise have been demonstrated in many places. Great numbers of young Latter-day Saints owe their testimonies of the truth and much of their spiritual life to the good feeling that exists in the classes and to the living testimonies of companions there heard.

4. "The notion that a teacher needs to be concerned about his pupils as long only as he has them before him during recitation time, must be discarded entirely by a Religion Class instructor. He will often have the case of one or the other of his pupils to lay in silent prayer before the Lord, asking Him for guidance, so that the heart of that wayward one may be open to him. Every Religion Class instructor must endeavor to become the confidential friend and adviser of every one of his pupils. There may be sorrows to be assuaged, temptations to be averted, secret vices to be combatted, doubts to be dispelled, faith to be strengthened and animosities to be reconciled. What a mission? How dare mortals attempt to perform it by their own light and wisdom! God help us all, both teachers and pupils!

"As the anxiety of the First Presidency and of the General Board of Education concerning the welfare of the youth of Zion was answered by inspiration from on high and resulted in the endeavor to establish Religion Classes throughout all the Stakes of Zion, it is to be hoped that all stake and ward authorities will render us all possible assistance in our efforts to bring this movement to a successful issue.—General Circular."

By order of the General Board of Education.

ANTHON H. LUND,

RUDGER CLAWSON,

J. M. TANNER.

General Superintendent of Religion Classes.
L. JOHN NUTTALL,

General Secretary.



BIDDY'S BROOD.

COME along, said Mrs. Smith one day to her ten year old boy, Ross, if you want to go with me for those eggs. Bring the basket, and tell Maud to put a towel in it, to keep the eggs from rolling together.

The Smiths were well to do, but the mother still retained an early acquired inclination for raising her own poultry, and had recently determined to improve her stock by raising some of the Leghorn breed, and she had therefore promised Ross he might accompany her to Mrs. Jay's to buy a setting of Leghorn eggs.

In answer to his mother's call, Ross jumped up from his play at marbles on the kitchen floor, and a very few moments later he was seen, basket in hand, gleefully dancing along beside his mother, on their way to Mrs. Jay's poultry yard.

Ross was a bright young boy for his age, and took remarkable interest in the out-door affairs about home, particularly the chickens. He knew all of them, and honored each with an appropriate name, and if one chanced to lay astray, Ross was the first to find it out. He considered his assistance in setting the old hens of vital importance, and so closely did he watch the nests, that he could even tell from just which egg each tiny little chick came.

Upon their arrival at Mrs. Jay's, the old

lady brought out thirteen "thorough-breed" eggs, and placed them carefully in the basket, and Ross and his mother returned home, the mother carrying the basket this time, lest Ross should drop it and break the eggs.

While his mother was making some changes in her apparel before going out to the barn yard, Ross stood with a pencil in his hand drawing miniature chicks upon the eggs. When Mrs. Smith was ready, the eggs were taken down to the coop, and placed carefully under "old Biddy," and for a week the old hen sat on them unmolested. But one afternoon Ross came running into the house all breathless, saying: "Mama, there isn't a single egg in old Biddy's nest, and they were there all right a little while ago."

"What could have become of them?" asked his mother.

"She's been robbed!" exclaimed Ross indignantly.

"Oh, perhaps the other chickens have been in with her and broken them," said his mother.

"No," returned Ross, "there is no sign of shell, and the nest is just as clean; somebody has stolen them, is what's the matter."

Presently May, the oldest daughter, returned from town where she had been shopping, and placed her market basket on the table, and Maud began unpacking it.

The first article she laid hands upon was a paper bag of eggs, and Maud

thoughtfully reached down a pan from a shelf, and placed the eggs in it, removing the bag, and proceeded again to unload the basket.

Ross, who had been tearfully telling May about Bidly's sad misfortune, now came peeping around and into the basket, to see if sister had brought any of the good things of which little boys are always so fond, when his eyes fell upon the eggs in the pan, and, seizing one in each hand, he exclaimed, "Our very own eggs! Our very own eggs! see the little chicks I drew on them with pencil before we put them under old Bidly!"

And sure enough, there were the thirteen eggs with little penciled chicks upon them, and five without.

"I'm going to take them right down and put them under old Bidly again," cried Ross.

"No," said his mother, "they won't hatch now."

But Ross insisted, so Maud went with him, and the thirteen eggs were restored to Bidly, who clucked gratefully as each of her stolen treasures was slipped under her soft downy breast.

For two weeks more Ross scarcely lost sight of the nest in the day time, and the last thing before going to bed he would run down to the coop to see that Bidly remained undisturbed. He worried his mother nearly to death asking how many more days it would be before the eggs would begin to hatch, for he never doubted once that they would produce the fondly anticipated Leg-horns.

The happy day came at last! Ross heard a chirp in the nest, and ran to tell his mother. He wanted to take old Bidly off and see how many chicks she had, but his mother insisted that he should not touch her, and that she would come off at the proper time. So

Ross could only wait. But he did not have to wait long, fortunately, for the next day here came old Bidly right up to the back door with thirteen little round soft, brown balls on tiny legs, toddling along beside her. How Ross did clap his hands, and in his glee, ran and called all the folks to "Come, see old Bidly and her family."

BABY RHYMES.

(Selected.)

Laugh.

Laugh hard, but laugh low;
Loud laughter is vain;
A true laugh will do you good,
But ne'er laugh at pain

If.

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

Lyric from Africa.

A savage crept up on a gnu
Just shining his horn up anew—
When the gnu like a shot,
Stuck the sly Hottentot,
Who thus knew anew the gnu knew:

Why?

"Brother," said Ruth to Teddy, one day,
As the children were out in the yard at play,
"I don't see how the little plants know
They should send their leaves up and their
roots below."
"How do you know," he scornfully said,
"You should stand on your feet and not on
your head?"

Advice to Children.

Be gentle to the Crocodile,
And tender to the Whale;
Don't jeer at the Hyena's smile,
Or tweak the Tiger's tail.
Don't stick pins in the Kangaroo;
Don't giggle at the Goose;
Don't throw bricks at the Cockatoo;
Or tread upon the Moose.

Don't flog the Hippopotamus;
 Don't pull the Serpent's ears;
 Don't pester the Rhinoceros,
 Or chase the Chanticleers.

Don't tickle Dromedaries' feet,
 Or whip the gentle Gnu;
 To animals be kind and sweet,
 Whatever else you do.

A Point in Manners.

A self-respecting horse dines table d'oat,
 Salle a manger goes straight to his heart;
 But never ask him (this 'tis well to note)
 To take his dinner with you a la cart.

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

A Request.

FAYETTE, SANPETE CO., UTAH.

My mother has been sick a long time, and but for the goodness of the Lord I feel sure she could not have lived until now. Her sight has grown very bad, and she wants me to ask all the little children and the older folks, too, if they will kindly remember her in prayer, that her eyes may get well. We think everything of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I am twelve years old.

BERTIE S. FOSS.

Temple Work.

MANTI, UTAH.

I am eleven years old, and I have been to the Temple and have been baptized two hundred and ten times for the dead. I know the Gospel is true. I have been healed many times by the power of the Lord, and now I am quite strong and healthy.

Your sister in the Gospel,

LEONA M. FARNSWORTH.

"Mad" Cured by Singing.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

This is my first letter to our children's

Letter-box. I want to tell about my three year old brother, Hayes. He is real good and smart, only when he gets mad. Sometimes he has acted so bad we did not know how to get along with him, when something would cross him. Mother tried all kinds of plans, but one day when he was very mad and acting awfully bad, she just commenced to sing a sweet little song, and he cooled down right away. She has tried it lots of times since, and it always cures him. The other day he was bothered over something, and so he began to scold and cry, he called out, "Oh, mama, sing quick! I goin' mad!" Mother sang for him, but the rest of us laughed, and pretty soon he was laughing too. Hayes is always good in Sunday School and Primary, and mama says she thinks it must be because of the singing. We are all learning to think more of singing than we used to, and papa says he thinks we should sing more than we have done, and may be we would all find it easier to be good natured. My grandma's birthday and mine come the same day. She will be seventy-one and I shall be twelve years old on the 26th of November. We always have our birthday dinner together,

With love to everybody,

ELLA. M. HIGGSON.

Always Happy.

AMERICAN FORK, UTAH.

I am eleven years old. My father is Bishop of the Second Ward.

I have one brother and two sisters. We live on a farm. We are very happy all the time. I was born in Springville, Utah. We moved here in 1899. My little brother died January 10th, 1900. One of my sisters had a very bad sore throat, my father called the Elders in to administer to her. They administered

to her and told her that she would be well in the morning. And she was well in the morning, as they said. I know the Gospel is true.

From your little friend,

BERT STORRS.

The First Letter.

BURRVILLE, UTAH.

I read the letters that the little boys and girls write, but this is the first letter I have written. I have ten sisters and two brothers. Our father was very sick with the pneumonia, but through the blessing of the Lord he got better, and now he can work in the field. I do not wish to make my letter too long. I am eleven years old.

DORA M. FILLMORE.

Gathering "Sunday Eggs."

MT. PLEASANT, SOUTH WARD.

I like to read your letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and am always anxiously waiting for the next number. My health is good and I am thankful to the Lord for it. I am one of the girls that have been called to gather Sunday eggs once a week for a new meeting house.

Today I went to the Tithing Office and paid my tithing. I am ten years old.

Your new friend,

IDA E. MERZ.

Doing Their Part.

ISLAND, IDAHO.

I haven't read anything about our Sunday School on the Island in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. So I must tell you about it. We organized about two years ago, and since then we have had eighteen baptized. My teacher's name is Sister Ida Carson. We also have a nice little Primary here. Our presi-

dent's name is Sister Alice Larson; she also is a teacher in the Sunday School. We are a branch of the Marion Ward. I pay my tithing, and I think we are helping to roll on the true work of the Lord.

SARAH ANNIE HALE.

Children and Chickens.

GREER, ARIZONA.

There are eight children of us, five brothers and three sisters. We have five little chickens. We like our Sunday School, and we have had our prayers answered many times.

FANNY M. HOWELL,

SARAH HOWELL.

AUNTIE'S BABIES.

There are three of them; bless the darlings!

There's Lawrence and Edith May,
And the dear little baby---Walter,
Just six months old today.

And I think, as I rock the wee one
To sleep in his tiny nest,
And kiss the smiles and dimples,
"It is you I love---the best."

But Edith, with eyes so solemn,
Climbs up on my knee to say,
"May I hold 'oor fwotch?" and listens,
As it measures our lives away.
I stroke the brown locks sunny,
The sweet young brow caressed,
And I think, "Your Auntie loves you,
Dear little niece---the best."

But little arms clasp softly
My neck in a close embrace,
And a boyish cheek all rosy
Is pressed against my face,
"I's Auntie's 'ittle sweetheart;
An' I love oo lots, I do;
Whole hun'erd bushels, Auntie,
Is 'at enough for oo?"

Then I kiss my ardent lover,
And fold him to my breast,
And I think, "Of all the babies,
I surely love you---best."
But at night, as the tiny toddlers
Reluctant go to rest
I know, as I tuck them under,
That I love them all---the best.

GOD IS LOVE.

Words by G. Burder.

Music by J. G. Jones.

And raise your tho'ts a-

Come, ye that know and lear the Lord, And
Come, ye that know and lear the Lord, And raise your tho'ts a-

And
bove, And raise your tho'ts a bove, And raise your tho'ts a - bove.
raise your tho'ts a bove, And raise your tho'ts a bove, And raise your tho'ts a bove
bove, And raise your tho'ts a bove, And raise your tho'ts a bove.
raise your tho'ts a bove, And raise your tho'ts a bove, And raise your tho'ts a - bove.
To sing that God is love, To
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord To sing that God is love, To
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord To sing that God is love, To
sing that God is love, To sing that God is love.
love, To sing that God is love, To sing that God is love.
love, To sing that God is love, To sing that God is love.
love, To sing that God is love, To sing that God is love.

Behold His patience, bearing long
With those who from Him rove;
Fill truth and grace their hearts subdue,
To teach them—God is love.

Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove:
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that God is love.



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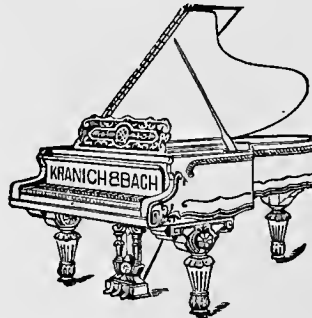


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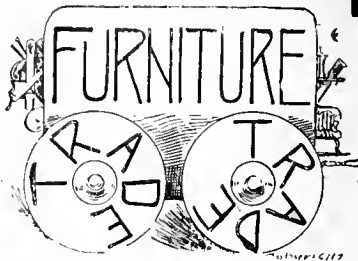
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